ISSN 0712-7774

CEREBUS

GOING HOME

25

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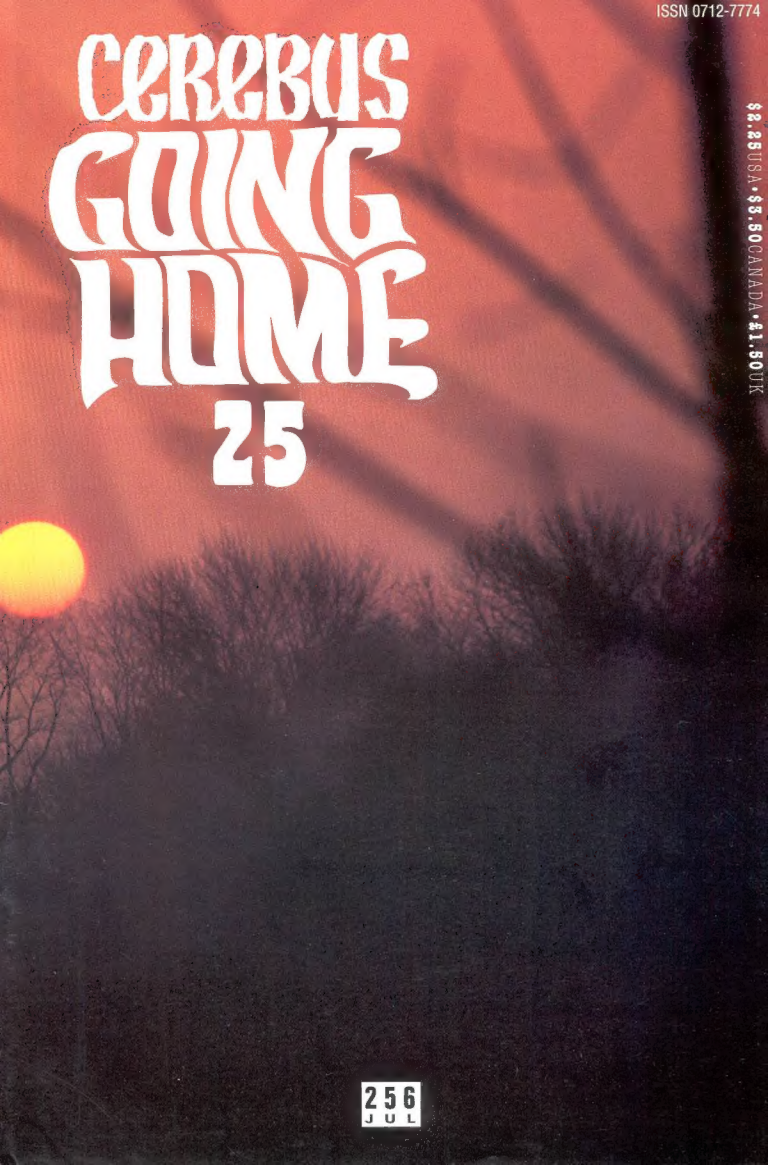

256
JUL

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NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS SERVICE
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Dennis spotted 2 at the kill. We crept on. Papa shot one at
yds. We heard the whock, but he didn't fall and he didn't roar.
sent back for P.P. and Mayito - went out in a posse to search,
him in about half an hour - or less. D. saw him, after the other
passed the spot, finished him with 2 quick shots and Papa shot
They made me stay at the car.

Coming back from the lion shoot, P.P., whose benevolent sa
expression had not changed one bit, said 'My first daughter was
today' - I said 'Can't you send a telegram with Mr. Holm?' - H
'Oh no, mother knows I always forget'.

Wonderful to watch the skinning. Papa and I had a tidbit
raw and D. insisted I bring it back to the mess tent, then, wa
me chew, made some crack about he didn't believe it - hoped I
throw up. I ticked him off.

One of D's Askaris - Filipo - has a skin covered-guitar
strings and one night is going to sing for me. Hope to learn

P.P. on lion - "It's always a bit of a chance, you know"

Boys congratulating Papa. We struck camp. Figure the lio
about 400 lbs. (they go to 450) - had such pretty ears. The
arm muscles, hard leg muscles - and the strong bones and mus
paws. He was a young male in his prime, 4-5 years old.

We got started at 10:50, one truck broke down, reached
here about 3 - lunched beautifully on one table, opened wine
cold roasted guinea - heaven. I've seen giraffe drappings,
like big marbles dented on one side, and hyena drappings whi
saw a beauty big herd of Eland and scores of tommies and gr

This place is bone-dry now and the dust fabulous. But,
it would look like a big garden. Beautiful, even now, with K
close to the south, the whole area flat park-land. There is

CEREBUS
NO. 256 JULY 2000

DAVE SIM
Creator, Writer, Characters/ pencil & ink, mechanical tones, lettering

GERHARD
Background Artist/pencil & ink

ROSE KRAGIEL
Cover photo

CAROL WEST
Administrative Assistant

DIANA SCHUTZ
Proofreading

GOING HOME

- BOOK ONE Sudden Moves (Cerebus 232 to 239)
- BOOK TWO Fall and the River (Cerebus 240 to 250)
- BOOK THREE Form & Void (Cerebus 251 to 265)

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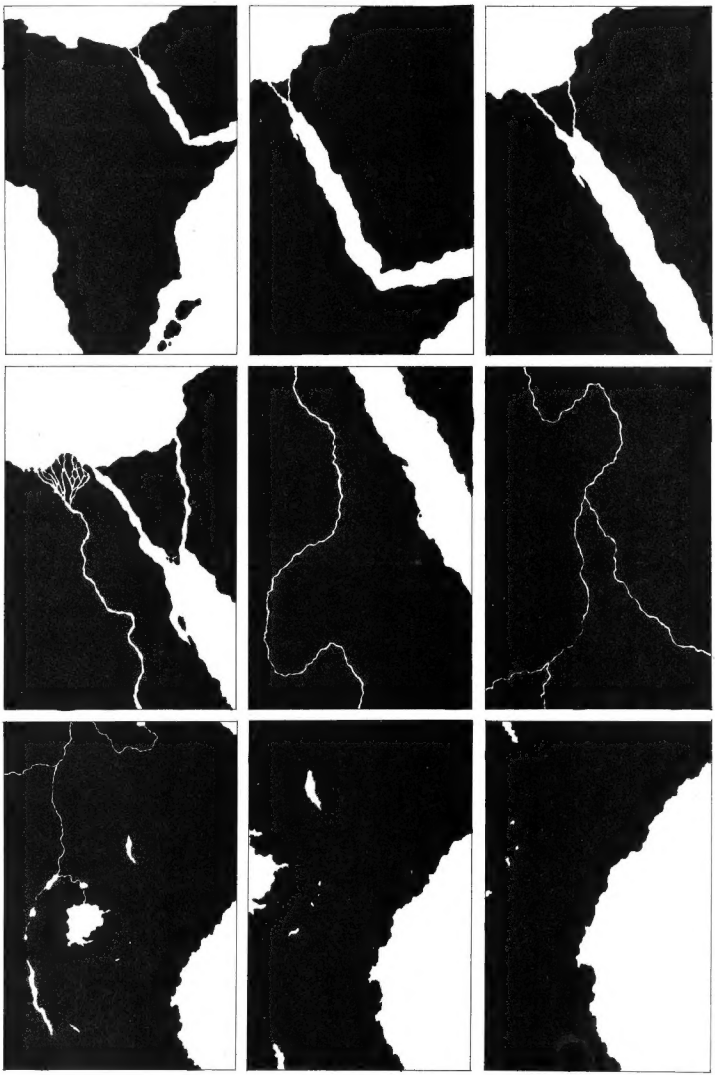
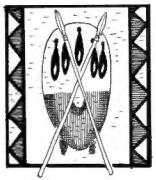
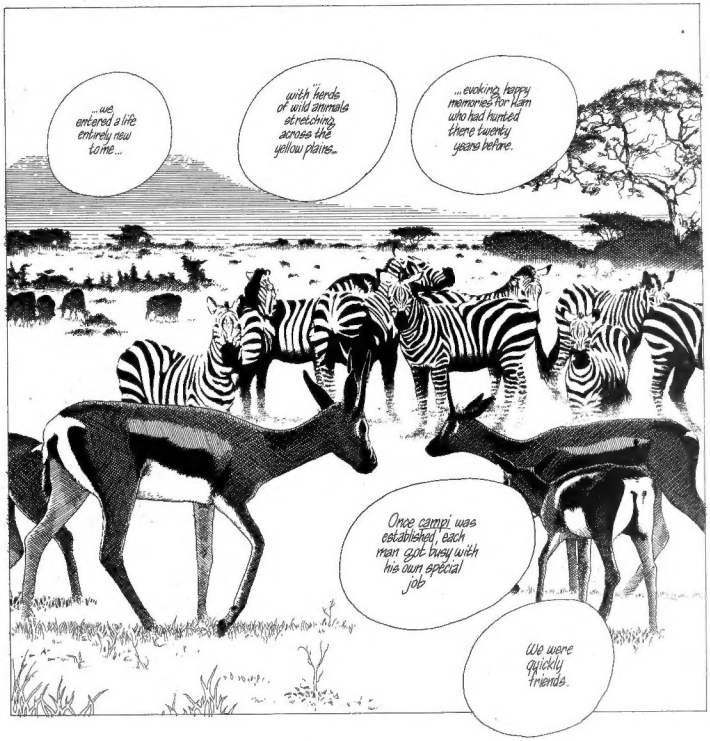
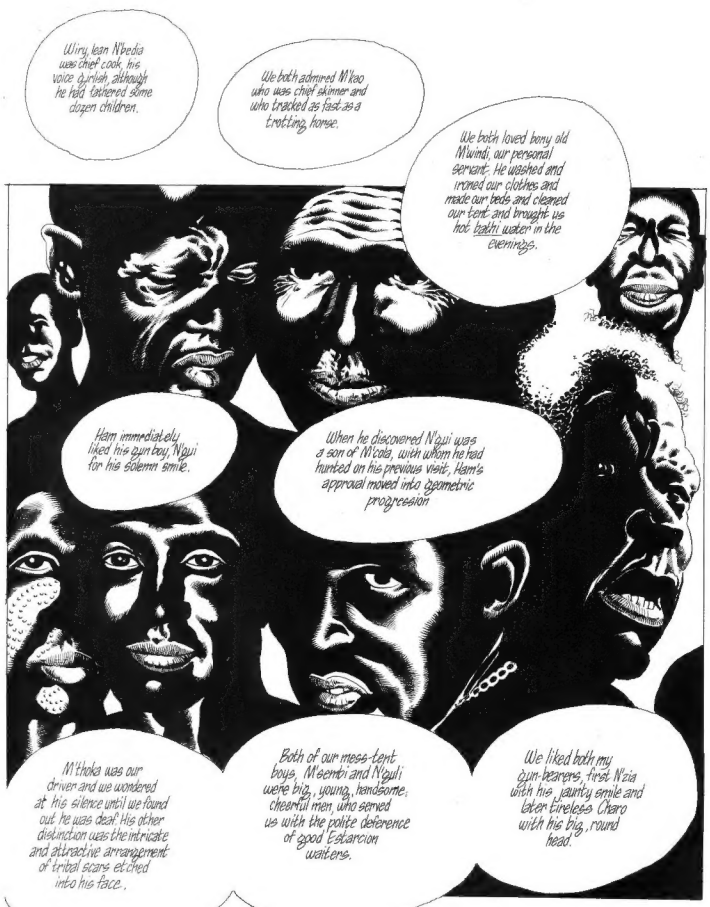


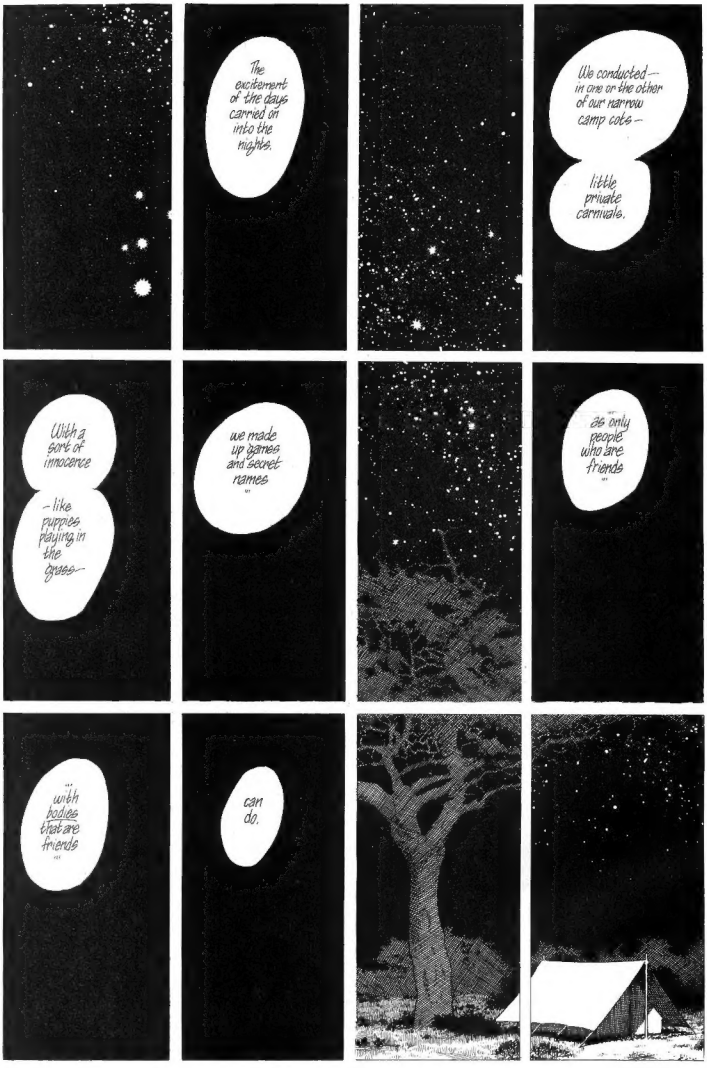
As we rattled inland and upward onto Kenya's six-thousand foot-high central plateau...

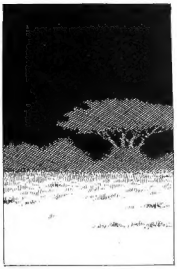



...we entered a life entirely new to me...
...with herds of wild animals stretching across the yellow plains...
...evoking happy memories for Kim who had hunted there twenty years before.
Once camp was established, each man got busy with his own special job
We were quickly friends.


Wiry, lean N'bedia was chief cook, his voice shrill, although he had fathered some dozen children.
We both admired M'lao who was chief skinner and who tracked as fast as a trotting horse.
We both loved beny old M'windi, our personal servant. He washed and ironed our clothes and made our beds and cleaned our tent and brought us hot bath water in the evenings.
Ham immediately liked his gun boy, N'gui for his solemn smile.
When he discovered N'gui was a son of M'cola, with whom he had hunted on his previous visit, Ham's approval moved into geometric progression
M'thoka was our driver and we wondered at his silence until we found out he was deaf. His other distinction was the intricate and attractive arrangement of tribal scars etched into his face.
Both of our mess-tent boys, M'seembi and N'guli were big, young, handsome, cheerful men, who served us with the polite deference of good Estarcion waiters.
We liked both my gun-bearers, first N'zia with his jaunty smile and later Eineless Charo with his big, round head.

How can I remember our driver's name?
Mm. "Mathematics and okra".
M'thoka?
These and a few more were our constant companions for nearly six months
We felt we had never encountered better ones
I am 'M'upi', 'the short one'. Papa is 'M'refu' -- 'Tall'.


The excitement of the days carried on into the nights.
We conducted — in one or the other of our narrow camp cots —
little private carnivals.
With a sort of innocence
— like puppies playing in the grass —
we made up games and secret names
"
"
as only people who are friends
"
"
... with bodies that are friends
"
can do.

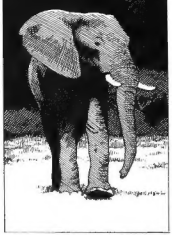


No lion roar.

No hyena last night.

But I woke up hearing the elephant coming...

...steady and straight.

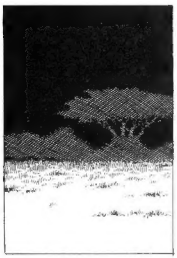


A soft sloughing noise as though he were walking on canvas;

about a dozen steps coming closer...

...but not louder.

Then there was the sharp snap of a branch.



And I heard one of the camp dogs chewing, and chewing, for...

I don't know how long.

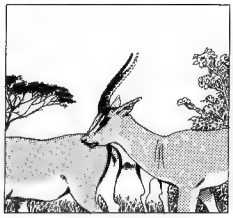
...for my sharp pang of apprehension...

...faded... into sleep.

Our appointed rounds began with a tree where we had hung lion-bait...
...part of a zebra carcass.
From behind cover Percy spotted two lions feeding at the kill.
PERCY
Our white hunter
Ham stepped around a tree and shot.
ka
Then both lions were gone, the wounded one trailing to roar as lions are supposed to do when they are hit.
In half an hour the men had found him, finished him and brought him back to camp where the skinning proceeded.
Watching, the skinning, Ham bent down and cut out a bit of the tenderloin...
and then offered me a bit-bit
...chewed some...

We both thought the clean, pink flesh delicious; steak tartare without the capers.
Percy politely declined a taste
In Kenja, neither the natives nor the whites ate lion...
...having, against it some taboo which they would never define for me.
How wonderful to be on the old "skeleton wardrobe" again. Just like the army in its freedom from concern about 'chic' and things matching, and such chores. Plain cotton knitted underwear, easily washable, plenty of socks in light, medium and heavy weights, a couple of pairs of warm pyjamas, bathrobe, coat, three pairs of pants, three shirts, bush jacket, couple of sweaters. For variation, some slaves' earrings. One wears one set until it's dirty, picks up the next set.
So simple, so smart.
(Of course I don't know what other women wear on safari).
DENIS
Our Game Warden

Hunting, Grant's gazelles, mommy, for meat (really, for me to practice).



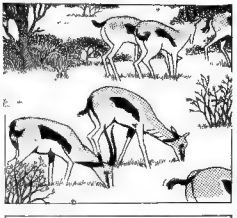
Pomo helping, wonderfully, pointing, out which one to shoot.

No more than seventy yards.

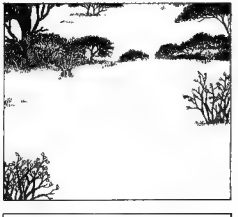
KaRoom

I missed him, perfectly (perhaps singeing the hair of his knees).

Hunted and hunted, walked and walked, found a second herd.



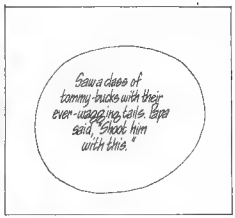
KaRoom

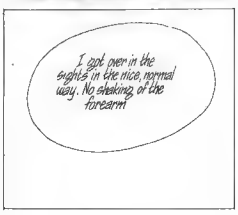


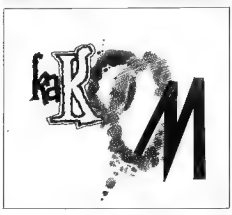
So it goes.

It is lonely being, the only incompetent here

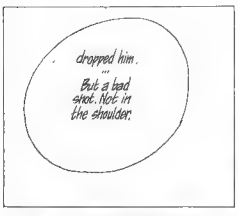
Filet of lion marinated in sherry for dinner tonight — with excellent soup and the tough corn the Masai had given us. The lion perfectly delicious, like yearling beef.

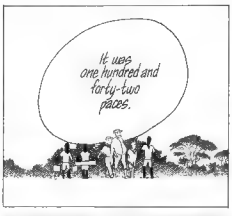

Saw a dozen of tommy-bucks with their ever-wagging tails. Terpo said, "Shoot him with this."

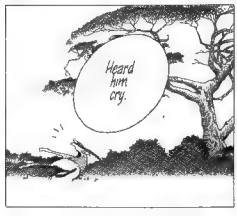

I got over in the sights in the nice, normal way. No sneaking of the forearm!


KA-RA-M

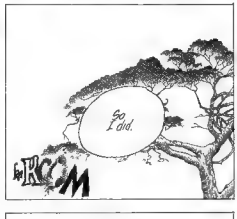
Whack.

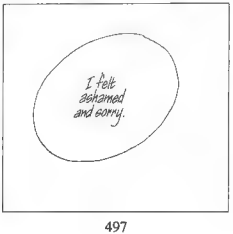

dropped him. ... But a bad shot. Not in the shoulder.

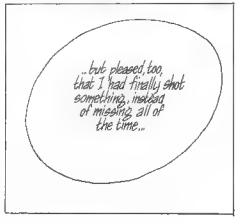

It was one hundred and forty-two paces.

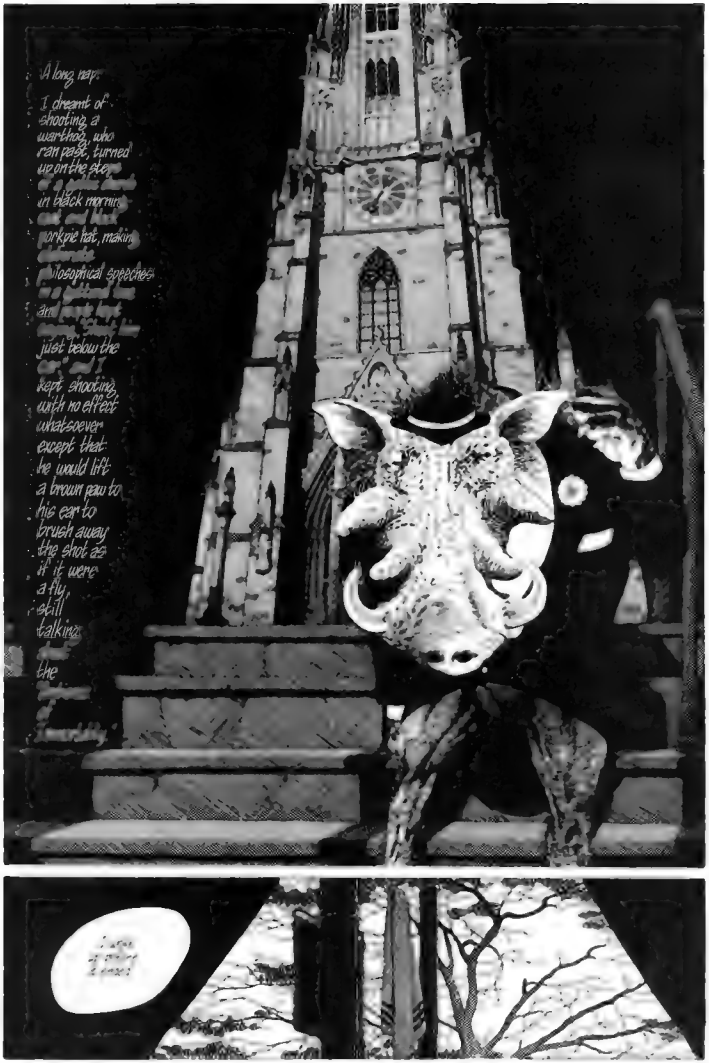

Heard him cry.

They told me to shoot him just below the ear!


So I did.
KA-RA-M


I felt ashamed and sorry.


...but pleased, too, that I had finally shot something, instead of missing all of the time...


A long rap:
I dreamt of shooting a warthog, who ran pest, turned up on the ste
in black mornin
porkpie hat, makin
philosophical speeches
an
just below the
kept shooting
with no effect
whatsoever
except that
he would lift
a brown paw to
his ear to
brush away
the shot as
if it were
a fly,
still
talking:
the

Saw a big group of zebra.
Six or seven. We got up close
I shot..
...and missed, hugely
We followed them over flat, pleasant country
got them well within range, again and again
KRAK
KRAK
Next went up to where the same herd could be hit with a well-aimed stone
KRAK
Pops took the gun away from me and he and Vems both shot...
KRAK
KRAK
...wounding the zebra who was then, three hundred yards away
Thwak!
Shot again...
KRAK
Thwak!
...and we knew he was finished

I have tried to think and assess and analyze...
...why I almost so badly
My eyes see. My hands do not shake. I see him clearly in my sights
...and I miss
It is on the verge of being comic.
Papa's breakfast sandwiches grow more exotic, even surrealistic.
This morning, it was fried white of egg, (the yolk might drip), ham,
worcestershire sauce, sliced onion, tomato catsup...
...and mustard pickles
We seemed to feel fine afterwards

Two Wakamba boys said they had tracked a lion...
...and knew where it was
The sun, like a hammer, beating on my head...
...we travelled east and west, north-east, south-west...
circling around... circling back.
I was walking just behind Percy, when he touched me...
...and pointed to Papa, who was standing, straight, looking, serious.
I looked at him and comprehended — idiotically —
nothing.
Then Percy said, "Look," and pointed.
In the roots and lower branches of a thorn ...
...a moon-round, yellow face.
shot as quickly as I could
M

Percy said my shot was six feet short
(anyway) for me ... (the "misser") ...
to hunt lion
He came home, my shame steadily mounting
(but who likes hysterics?)
Had late lunch and I went to bed
slept heavily
Everyone has been so kind and chic
Papa especially.
I keep feeling it in front of them ...
... Denis and Percy dismissing it.
Actually

I am afraid to go into a big emotional "to-do" about it
...which might make me shoot worse than ever
Went earlier this morning to the lion bait.
Nothing there.
Found lion track.
Hunted from the water hole in tall trees and thick brush.
Then through thick, nasty brush.
Then through sparse brush.
We heard a...

A huge lion poured out of a bush
...like nothing, less than lightning.
Shot
KA BOOM
ten yards behind him
We thought they had gone into the thick brush...
...the great lion and his askari.
Threw stones in.
Thak
TAK
TAK

Nothing.
Picked up the track.
Tracked the great beautiful beast ...
... halfway up the west wall of the rift.
The boys said we must go soft and slowly ...
... but they went fast and noisily.
Up and up.
scrambling
lava rock
dried shrub and grass
noisily.
and up again

sometimes I had to
put my gun down
to climb a rock
hanging onto
a thorn tree
or a ledge.
Finally, I felt we'd never see him
... we were making so much noise.
He would always just sneak quietly "higher."
... he and his friend ...
... a handsome young male
... who'd jumped with him in the beginning.
Finally ...

TO HAM & HAM NOT

I underlined all of the relevant passages in *How It Was*, brought the book back to the studio, photocopied the underlined pages, put a couple of paper clips on them, moved them to one side, and started in on the first installment of "Form & Void."

Five months later or so, I had completed the lead-in material, the "two happy couples" stuff (well, that's what "two happy couples" looks like to me—sorry about that, "happy couples"), and it was time to pull out the *How It Was* excerpts and examine them more closely for problems that needed fixing (before I had to draw and letter the pages in question).

I found a problem.

It was not a *huge* problem, but it was a problem in a passage which was central to the secondary or primary core moment (depending on your point of view: I'd say secondary, myself). I'll discuss the actual problem when I get to that page in these notes, but suffice to say I was now in "What to do?" mode. None of the books or articles on Hemingway—certainly not *True at First Light*—even made *reference* to that part of Mary's diary, let alone *quoted* it (a peculiar omission I'll be getting to as well).

That left me with the John F. Kennedy Library.

In the contorted and poisonous world of the Hemingway Story or story or "story," one of the strangest realities is that Mary Hemingway donated all of Hemingway's papers to the John F. Kennedy Library. Ultimately not strange at all (I'm getting to that, too), but at the time that I was reading about Mary's (HoCCChhh, *THOOO*!) contretemps with the President of the United States at the White House dinner for Nobel Prize laureates (American division), it seemed unlikely that she counted herself a devotee of the New Frontier or a Best and the Brightest wannabe.

But there it was.

One of the inescapable facts that I will be so pleased to leave behind forever once I'm done with these ...people.

While I was working on F. Scott Fitzgerald, I had had the unhappy experience of contacting the Princeton Library (the custodian of virtually all of Fitzgerald's papers) to see if it had anything I could use and was informed that all of Scott and Zelda's papers were sealed (like, Egyptian-tomb sealed) but that everything was available on Princeton's web site. Now, I have no problem reading four hundred pages. I have a *great* problem with watching four hundred pages on television. With a book, I can be forty pages past something that I read, or two books and forty pages past something that I read, or two months, three books, and forty pages past what I read, and I will know roughly where to find it and I can usually find it in a few minutes. I count myself lucky to have that skill, which I did not know I had until I started researching material for *Cerebus*. That skill, as I've discovered with the Kitchener Library's computerized card index, does not extend to video games which involve "clicking on" with "mice" (or "mouses"? What is the plural, someone-who-cares?). I elected to make do with what I had and left Scott and Zelda to their cybernetic rest (hopefully not eternal).

So, it was with trepidation that I called directory assistance in Boston for the number of the Kennedy Library.

"The Presidential Library or the Hemingway Archives?"

Things seldom go that smoothly for me in the "real" world. I dialed the Archives number.

"Hemingway Archives."

"I'm working on a book about Hemingway, and I've hit a snag with something. Do you have *Mary* Hemingway's papers, as well as Ernest's?"

"Yes, we do."

Two-for-two is usually the best that I can hope for.

"Do you have her East Africa diary?"

"Yes, we do."

Three-for-three. Unbelievable.

"Is there any way that I could find out about a particular entry for January 4, 1954? In *How It Was*..."

...and I explained the problem.

"Are you in town?"

Three-for-four.

"No, actually I'm in Canada."

"Mmm. That *is* out of town. Why don't you give me your name and number, and I'll look it up and get back to you later this afternoon."

What unheard-of professionalism! The John F. Kennedy Library was "my kind of people." With great confidence I set to work on my part of the double-page spread that opens the Africa sequence. An hour or so later, Steve Plotkin (the gentleman I had spoken to on the phone) faxed through the relevant passage. Which solved one problem, but presented another:

The page was typewritten.

I had been expecting a page from a *diary* diary. You know, handwritten. This led to a certain amount of confusion when I called back. So far as the John F. Kennedy Library was concerned, this *was* Mary's diary, designated as her East Africa Journal in the inventory list of her papers.

I was pretty sure that it wasn't, even at *that* point, but I was willing to let it go, temporarily, for the sake of the long distance charges if nothing else. If it wasn't Mary's diary, then what was it? That was the next question which occurred to me and which I approached tangentially:

"How many pages *is* the East Africa Journal?" I asked.

"Actually, the Library posesses *three* versions of the East Africa Journal," came the reply.

The urge to run away screaming—never far below the surface in my Hemingway research—came bubbling up. I was informed that one version was 261 pages, one was 225 pages, and one was 134 pages. In addition, they had a file of *rejected* pages from the Journal.

I looked, uneasily, at the half-completed page on my drawing board.

I made arrangements for them to photocopy all of the pages and FedEx them to the studio. I returned to work, instructing myself that I was *only* going to use the East Africa Journal to correct any discrepancies in the *How It Was* extracts. I had no time for anything else.

A couple of days later, as I was waiting for the FedEx delivery, I realized that that was stupid. You don't use a first generation source to "touch up" a second generation source. I confined myself to hoping that the original Journal didn't differ *too* widely from *How It Was*. When the FedEx package with fifteen pounds of documents arrived at around one o'clock on a Friday afternoon, I was inking my part of pages 494-495 (at *that* point in time, designated pages 492-493). I decided the first thing to do was to check the panel that I was working on:

Pages 494-495 - *How It Was*: "Ernest bent down and with his pocket-knife cut out a bit of the tenderloin beside the spine, chewed some and offered me a tidbit. We both thought the clean pink flesh delicious, steak tartare without the capers. Denis [Zaphiro, the deputy game warden] scoffed that it would make us sick and Philip [Percival, the white hunter] politely declined a taste."

East Africa Journal, (September 9, Wednesday; page 54): "Wonderful to watch the skinning. Papa and I had a tidbit of him, raw and D. [Denis Zaphiro] insisted I bring it back to the mess tent, then, watching me chew made some crack about he didn't believe it—hoped I wouldn't throw up. I ticked him off."

Uh, Houston? We have a problem.

I had picked Percival's reaction as the more relevant one. He was senior man, the veteran white hunter who had hunted Teddy Roosevelt and the Duke of Windsor on safari (the only English word which originates from Swahili—meaning "journey") earlier in the century and who had come out of retirement to hunt Hemingway* as he had in 1936 (he's the model for the white hunter in "Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber"). In the original Journal, there is no mention of his either being offered *or* declining a taste—which makes more sense. Likewise Denis and Mary going to the mess tent. It restores the obvious *illicitness* of eating lion, which skewed the anecdote by its omission in *How It Was* (or *Wasn't*, I was beginning to suspect).

I bowed to the inevitable and started reading the first file, marked *Papers of Mary Welsh Hemingway /Writings/Journals/East Africa Journals pp 1-7, 11-13, 16 & 24-140 9/10/53 - 10/24/53.*

MARY'S JOURNAL

I wasn't aware that the John F. Kennedy Library is—as *all* of the Presidential Libraries are—part of the United States Government's National Archives and Records Administration. So—as I found out—there are certain ground rules. Steve Plotkin could supply me with whatever documents I requested and answer any *factual* questions, but he was not allowed to interpret material or offer opinions or advice, since that could open him up to potential charges of conflict of interest. If I were to print, as an example, "according to Steve Plotkin of the Kennedy Library's Hemingway Archives..." and use whatever observation he might have made over the phone or in a letter to validate my own opinions or refute someone else's...well, the gov'inment, she no work that way. So, I'm going to let you all know up front that these are all my *own* conclusions based on my own research and that they differ (oh, like *you're* surprised) from those official views held by the John F. Kennedy Library. A good example is my view that there had to be a written diary. For more than thirteen years (Mary died in 1986), the Kennedy Library has had this typescript as part of its collection, with no qualifier added. It is Mary's East Africa Journal. The only qualifier is that it is a carbon copy, not the original. It is and would be considered a primary source material.

Of course, no one *cares*. It's *Mary* Hemingway. If anyone besides me has read her East Africa Journal in the past fourteen years, I'll be happy to *eat* my copies of it. But from the standpoint of an official archive, a U.S. Government Archive, they have what they say they have and they are not going to change their minds overnight just because some comic-book artist from Canada tells them they're wrong. And I certainly accept that. The last thing I want carved on my tombstone is: "Here Lies Dave Sim—He Set The Record Straight About Mary Hemingway's East Africa Journal."

But let's start with the known facts:

Mary died in November 1986. Her will gave the Library first pick of all papers, as well as some designated paintings and other *objets d'art*. Joan O'Connor, then curator of the Hemingway Collection, went to New York to make the selection in April 1987. She chose some 35 linear feet out of an unknown amount. This was shipped to the Library to await "processing." Within a few days of O'Connor's departure, somebody came up with another 19 linear feet. This got hurriedly put up for auction and was sold to a consortium of lawyers. The consortium in turn had Glen Horowitz Booksellers put the material up for sale at an antiquarian book fair. It is unclear if Glen Horowitz was part of the consortium or if the consortium sold the entire lot to GHB. Even if the consortium did so, that would not prevent Glen Horowitz from being part of the consortium. Evidently, red herring sales are common as dirt in the rare books and manuscript business. In any case, all of the sales were done quickly and quietly.

At this point a Hemingway aficionado with connections in bookselling came across Glen Horowitz's description of the lots that were up for sale. She immediately sensed there was something fishy about it. She contacted the Hemingway Society and Foundation, which, because of a whole different can of worms (strong copyright interests in all Ernest Hemingway materials), ob-

* I know. I laughed picturing Percival *hunting* Teddy Roosevelt, the Duke of Windsor, and Hemingway, but, evidently, that's the correct verb for what a white hunter does.

tained an injunction against the sale until copyright determinations could be made. Meanwhile, members of the Hemingway Society and Foundation were calling up the Library asking, with good reason, how the hell it had let this material get away. Joan O'Connor, in the meantime, had left. The new curator, Megan Desnoyers, the current curator, had to sort out the mess on her own. Desnoyers talked to O'Connor, who insisted she had never seen the new material in New York. Desnoyers then brought in the National Archives legal counsel, who took one look at the situation and told her that the Department of Justice needed to be consulted. The DOJ investigator did his investigating and came to the conclusion that the Library could make a case for ownership of the material, but it would be hard fought and by no means a shoo-in for the Library because there was no way of proving that O'Connor had not waived Library rights to it.

The decision was made to simply photocopy all of the Horowitz material and let the originals go on the market. Which, it seems to me, was pretty wise on the part of the current curator: better to have a complete set of facsimiles of the material than risk losing access to them in a court fight.

Anyway, the file that I started with was from the Glen Horowitz lot. Let's call it Horowitz-A—pages 1 to 140. I started reading in midafternoon, pausing at the end of each page to assess whether it had anything that I could use in the "Form & Void" Africa sequence. If it did, I folded down the upper right corner. If it didn't, I left it alone. I finished around 9 p.m. I went out that night and had several beers. The next day I finished the second file, which we'll call Horowitz-B—pages 141 to 261. Sunday is the Sabbath, so no work for Dave. Monday I tackled the third and fourth files. Horowitz-C and -D respectively—pages 24 to 140 and 141 to 225. C and D proved to be photocopies of A and B minus fifty-some-odd pages. Which was something of a relief. If I never read another word about Kimana Swamp or Fig Tree Camp, I will die a happy man. Just to be sure, I flipped through A and C and B and D one page at a time. A and B—the 261-page version—was marked with circled numbers (1, 2, and 3) and (largely indecipherable) marginal notes to indicate a tentative running order in *How It Was* (or some earlier version of Mary's memoirs) as well as featuring a limited number of embellishments (nice word for it, eh?). In addition there are minor corrections of spelling and grammar which had been made by someone semi-literate at best (who overlooked, as an example, such glaring errors as "a modester woman"), so probably Mary herself. These corrections are *duplicated* in C and D—the 225-page version—but not *exactly copied*. That is, the corrections are the same, but the pen strokes and letters *making* the corrections, while in the same hand, are different on B and D than they are on A and C.

With me so far?

Having finished the Horowitz files, I next looked at the file which contained a copy of Mary's original bequest to the Kennedy Library and which the Kennedy Library considers to be Mary's East Africa Journal—that is, her diary, which the Library claims she *typed* while on safari in 1953-54. Of the six file folders I received, it is the only one which is 8½ x 11 in size. The other five are 8½ x 17. It proved to be the original of Horowitz A, B, C, and D—at least pages 24 to 134. The Horowitz pages all had a strip of black at the bottom, which accounted for the difference in size. It is unmarked, and as could be seen from several visible watermarks, it was photocopied from carbon copies on onionskin paper.

So, even leaving aside my own view that there was originally a handwritten diary, this is not a first generation document. At best it is a photocopy of a carbon copy of a document purporting to be a first generation document—so third generation at best. Fourth generation at best if it is a *revised* typescript. Fifth generation if there was, originally, a handwritten diary. Again, at *best*.

So, I had a copy of Mary's original bequest: the onionskin carbon of pages 24 to 134 and the two Glen Horowitz lots, pages 24 to 225 and 1 to 261. In addition I had pages 1 to 7, 11 to 13, and 16, which (don't tell the John F. Kennedy Library I told you this) *aren't* part of Mary's African Journal at all, but are, rather, all that remains of a first draught of a precursor to *How It Was,* entitled *Our One and Only Life* (which, if a vote were taken, I would have to nominate as the most self-revealing title *ever* for a "Woman Behind the Great Man" memoir. In fact I think *all* "Woman Behind the Great Man" memoirs should be renamed *Our One and Only Life*). I'll be getting back to *Our One and Only Life* in a little while.

Finally, I had a file marked "Reject Pages from Diary." On top was a photocopy of a page torn from a small notebook which read (oddly enough) "Reject Pages from Diary." The rest of the file contained pages 226 to 259 of the East Africa Journal—obviously not *rejected* pages from the diary at all (much of the material on pages 226 to 259 made its way into *How It Was*) but, rather, an amputation of Horowitz-C and -D. An amputation made at a very early stage in correcting a photocopy of her carbon—and an amputation which Mary changed her mind about by the time she was doing the more extensive work evident in Horowitz-A and -B. I came to the conclusion that A and B—although I read them first (as the longest version)—actually came *after* C and D. Something spooked Mary on her first go-round with the material—spooked her badly enough that she dumped a good portion of the typescript of her diary into a file marked "reject pages" and abandoned that section of her memoirs for...days? weeks? years? *How It Was* was published in 1976, but documents very little after 1966 or so. The Kennedy Library has—literally—boxes *full* of draughts of the various parts of *How It Was* (including *nine*—count 'em—*nine*) file folders of draughts A through I of the "My Father in Minnesota" chapter and *eight* file folders of draughts A through G of the And Then We Met chapter which only Mary could call [HoCCChhh, *THOOO!*] "Combined Operations".) Oddly enough, what spooked her—I'm reasonably sure—was the passage that I originally contacted the Kennedy Library about. Page 228 in the typescript, as it turns out.

Don't worry, I'll let you know when we get there.

I do feel (yes, in *this* case, *feel*) it is necessary to mention that Scribners, Hemingway's long-time publishing house, had rejected *How It Was* because Mary refused to

have the book edited in any way and that the book was snatched up by Alfred A. Knopf, who agreed to let the book stand in its unedited form. It made for a literary atrocity—all seven hundred pages of it—but, saying that, I have to thank providence—and Mary Welsh Hemingway's stubbornness—that it was so. Who knows what a "professional editor" would have cut out of the East Africa section of the book? Most of it, I would suppose—probably everything that caught my attention and gave me an actual story for "Form & Void."

The original East Africa Journal had more—much more—of what had caught my attention in *How It Was*. In the book, the safari takes up a little over sixty pages. Even the 261-page Horowitz version stops well before the end of the material covered in *How It Was*' sixty pages. So (rather comedically I think), we end up with this huge journal pruned and spliced and amputated by Mary down to a semi-manageable sixty pages now being pasted back together by me with much of Mary's cutting-room floor leavings grafted back on and most of her retained material now excised.

Why did Mary write her East Africa Journal?

A good question and one that Mary asked herself in the concluding pages of *How It Was* in a staged question-and-answer session where she envisioned "dear friends" asking about omissions from her book:

D.Fs.: "Why did you write the book, for instance?"

M.H.: "Who cares? Because I kept all those diaries, I suppose, and thought they were sometimes amusing."

D.Fs.: "So, why did you keep the diaries?"

M.H.: "A harmless eccentricity. Or, no. It was partly because I thought Ernest might find them useful—dates, places, people, weather. Which was ridiculous, because he had a tape recorder in his head. I don't remember his ever making a note in Africa, but after we got home he wrote 40,000 words or more about our safari. No dates, but places described and sharp characterizations of people, also dialogue. I found it entertaining."

D.Fs.: "You weren't disappointed that your work was wasted?"

M.H.: "No. Ernest wrote fiction mostly and the safari piece was fiction based on fact, more fun than my facts."

My own view, based on the—admittedly—circumstantial evidence of the June 1, 1953 "in-house memo" from EH to Mary (see the inside front covers of *Cerebus* 252 and 253), is that *Look* magazine indulged in a shady bit of corporate chicanery in order to get Hemingway to go to Africa on safari, allow himself to be photographed doing so, and write captions for the photos. The magazine promised to underwrite the expense of the safari (which was prohibitive—more than 15,000 *1953 dollars* for four months). My own view is that Hemingway was not especially tempted by the offer to commit one way or the other. Certainly, he could enjoy going on safari, but he could also enjoy staying home and going fishing on *Pilar* and drinking margaritas at the Floridita. But *Look* did not intend to take "no" or "maybe later" for an answer. In the fall of 1952, *Life* magazine had scored the greatest success of any weekly magazine with their serialization of Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*—selling something in excess of five million copies in a matter of a few days. In knee-jerk corporate fashion (Hemingway=Big Bucks), *Look* and *Life* both started courting Hemingway for some sort of follow-up success. *Look*, I believe, was the more ardent suitor because of the long-time rivalry between the two magazines. Reading between the lines of the June 1st "in-house memo," it's not hard to see why Hemingway was perplexed. Evidently he and Mary had *discussed* the *Look* offer, and Mary was "tired of hearing about it"—I think they both had a "maybe later" attitude towards a *Look*-sponsored safari.

Something changed.

Suddenly, Papa couldn't do anything right. Suddenly, Mary was picking fights ("You want to hog everything. You get angry if anybody even writes anything about the same country you are in. Look at that man who wrote that book about Spain."), making wild accusations ("You never told me you had any offer from *Look*. You did no such thing. You did not show me any letter from Rice with any offer from *Look*."), and when presented with irrefutable evidence that she, Mary, is lying, responds with complete nonsense (Mary: "You didn't tell me anything about Lowe's offer. You just whispered something to me.").

You just whispered something to me?

I think the thing that changed, the missing piece, is that Lowe—when he saw that "maybe later" was the best he was going to get—sweetened the deal by suggesting that Ernest and Mary do "his and her" companion pieces for *Look* about the safari ("Sure. It'll be swell. Mary can handle the ladies' angle. What a woman should bring on safari, wardrobe and stuff like that."). I don't think he ever intended *publishing* Mary's work, but he knew that if "maybe later" was going to change into "yes, definitely, right now," it would have to be an "inside job." And I think he knew that after ten years in Hemingway's shadow, there was a *Time* magazine correspondent inside wee Mary screaming to get out—screaming to get out and show the world that *Ernest* wasn't the *only* writer (HoCCChh, *THOOO*!) in *this* family. By dangling the carrot of a *Look* magazine byline in front of Mary, Lowe hoped to get *her* to accomplish what *he and Look* could *never* have accomplished on their own. Given the June 1st letter, it worked like a charm. By the first week of July the Hemingways were on their way to New York, France, Spain, and (ultimately) Mombassa, Kenya—Mary keeping copious diary notes on each location in good dutiful who, what, where, and when style. And not just diaries. Evidently *Look* even promised to look at Mary's photographs! Horowitz-A opened at the Beauvan Hotel in Genoa, as Mary "worked on black and white photographs" while "Papa napped, saw the press." On board the Dunnottar Castle Mary "worked on captions on the afterdeck." The August 8th entry ends: "I got my captions finished—we went ashore in the evening and dined—too copiously at Perelli. This morning must go

mail the pix." Seriously. "Pix." Lowe even kept up the pretense of *Look*'s interest, informing them, by cable to Nairobi, that he was waiting on Mary's Spanish diary at the *Look* offices in New York.

If I'm right, and I'm pretty sure I am, it was a rotten trick to play on someone who wanted—desperately—to be seen as a writer and not just Mrs. Ernest Hemingway. Of course, making Papa's life miserable so that he would cave in and say "yes, definitely, right now" to the *Look* offer was a pretty rotten thing to do as well. Needless to say, nothing of Mary's ever saw print in *Look* magazine, although a draught of her East Africa article for *Look* exists among her papers at the Kennedy Library. Assuming the Spanish diary was of the same gargantuan proportions as the East Africa Journal (for a *picture* magazine!), Bill Lowe must've had quite a look on his face when someone (THUMP!) dropped the package on his desk. Maybe he even had a pang of conscience looking at the sheer volume of work that had gone into it.

No, you're right.

Probably not.

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Attached to the *Our One and Only Life* fragments in Horowitz-A are five pages of notes under the heading "Preface to East Africa: Itinerary in a Nutshell," which appear to be a timeline (as opposed to an itinerary) of events, beginning with August 29, 1953 and proceeding through May 12, 1954 in the choppy, jumbled phrases which are characteristic of Mary's journal/diary style. Its peculiar mix of hasty "notes to self" and high-schoolish bursts of creative writing ("...Salengai River, its broad yellow bed...dust-dry except for a few water holes...") leads me to believe that it might have served double duty: both as an outline for the Mary Hemingway article that *Look* never intended to publish and—years later—as the skeletal outline for the East Africa chapter in *How It Was*.

Judging by the profusion of reworkings of the *Our One and Only Life* fragments—out of the thirteen pages, all but a handful of paragraphs have been (*vehemently*) crossed out—Mary found working from an outline and the handwritten diary unworkable. I believe she chose to take the original diary and transpose it into typescript form—Horowitz-C and -D—expanding her terse diary style into full sentences (or, at least, a *less terse* diary style) and to work backward from there: sculpting the East Africa chapter *out of* the typescript of the diary, rather than expanding her "Nutshell..." outline *into* a finished chapter. It seems to have suited her preferences. As opposed to the nine draughts of the "My Father in Minnesota" chapter, there are *no* draughts of the "East Africa" chapter extant among her papers.

Having read all of the material from the Kennedy Library, I then proceeded to take all of the pages with bent corners and write out the bits that had caught my eye. As with most writers who have the skills of high school essayists, Mary's raw materials are *in* there. The problem is, so is everything else, usually twice if not three times over and (characteristic of women writers) out of sequence when she is excited about a particular event—having much in common with women not being able to tell a joke properly. You know—they get almost to the punch line and then say, "Oh, wait—I forgot to mention that..." which really (to put it mildly) kills the old comedic effect.

There is such a wide chasm of difference between Mary's story of the safari (as recounted in the Journal and *How It Was*—not to mention the disparity *between* the Journal and *How It Was*) and Ernest's version of the same events (as recounted in *True at First Light* and "The Christmas Gift") that it is hard to believe that the two of them were in Kenya at the same time. Very early on I had to abandon my idea of somehow merging the two versions into the Africa sequence (although the surrealism that would have resulted was awfully tempting) and just let Mary's version stand without revision or qualification. Because the Journal represents a day-by-day record of the events of 1953-54, I feel (yes, *feel*—who knows *what* to *think* about the Hemingways?) that the chronology is reasonably accurate. More accurate than *How It Was,* where events got transposed and moved around for reasons known only to Mary Welsh Hemingway.

But, that having been said, I do think that the extra week that my supplementary reading added to my working time—all of the false starts and cul-de-sacs involved in doing something with Mary's raw high-school-essayist prose—proved to be worth it in the long run. Having endured several hundred pages of her own best (HoCCChhh, *THOOO*!) try at finding a female equivalent of the Hemingway voice—and having endured at least four times that word count of the real article, I had now found my challenge for "Form & Void's" actual story and core moment—the equivalent of turning Maury Noble's monologue in *The Beautiful and Damned* right-side-up one phrase and, occasionally, one word at a time in *Going Home*:

For better or worse, I was going to take all of the sentences and paragraphs I had extracted from Mary's East Africa Journal and weave them into a narrative describing the Hemingway's safari of 1953-54, and I was going to attempt to do it in a (HoCCChhh, *THOOO*!) female Hemingway voice.

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All Hemingway-style hyperbole aside, there was a good deal less HoCCChhh, *THOOO!* to be found in the original Journal than there was in *How It Was*. Because the original diary entries were not intended for public consumption, there is less of that molar-grinding proto-feminist voice infesting the individual sentences and paragraphs, and—once the redundant words and phrases, mid-sentence digressions, and extraneous adjectives were whittled away—all I really had to do was to pick and choose from among what I considered to be the best of Mary Welsh Hemingway's phrases...

...and just let *them* tell—if not *How It Was*—then, at least, what I consider to be a pretty darned interesting story.